Volume LXVI CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1910 Number 1

UNITY

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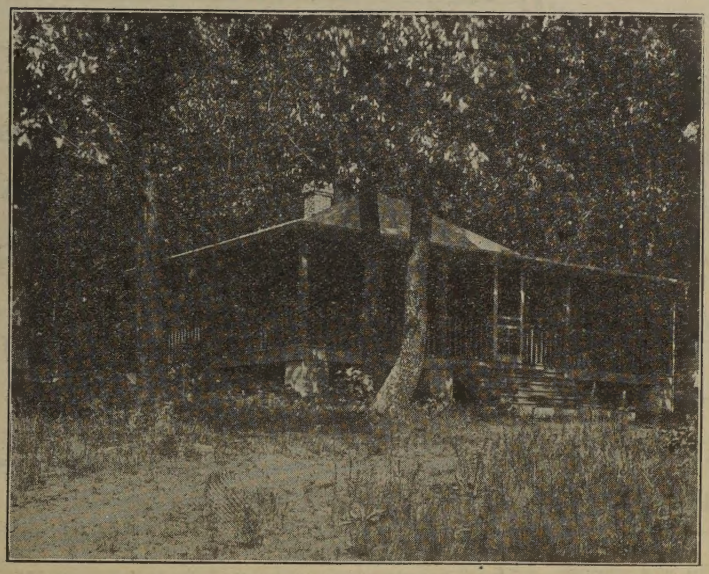

The Anne Mitchell Library, Tower Hill, Wisconsin

(See page 4.)

CONTENTS

Comfort—*Robert W. Service* 1

EDITORIAL—

Notes 1

The Library the Rallying Point of Civilization.... 3

Dedication of the Anne Mitchell Library..... 4

Notes—E. P. Powell..... 11

THE FIELD—

Foreign Notes—M. E. H. 12

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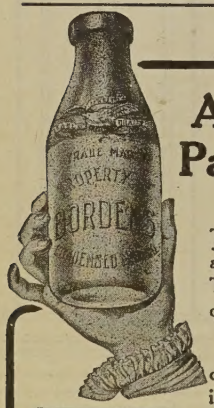

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1910. NUMBER 1.

COMFORT

Say! You've struck a heap of trouble—
Bust in business, lost your wife;
No one cares a cent about you,
You don't care a cent for life;
Hard luck has of hope bereft you,
Health is failing, wish you'd die—
Why, you've still the sunshine left you
And the big, blue sky.

Sky so blue it makes you wonder
If it's heaven shining through;
Earth so smiling, 'way out yonder,
Sun so bright it dazzles you;
Birds a-singing, flowers a-flinging
All their fragrance on the breeze;
Dancing shadows, green, still meadows—
Don't you mope, you've still got these.

These, and none can take them from you;
These; and none can weigh their worth.
What, you're tired and broke and beaten?
Why, you're rich—you've got the earth!
Yes, if you're a tramp in tatters,
While the blue sky bends above
You've got nearly all that matters—
You've got God, and God is love.

—*Robert W. Service.*

Judge Hiram T. Gilbert is a lawyer of standing, but he is more than an attorney; he is a reformer in law. It is generally conceded that the present effective and, in many respects, unique system of municipal courts in Chicago is the result of a law framed by him and enacted through his energy and set going through his counsel and advice. Judge Gilbert is now a candidate for a seat in the next general assembly of the State of Illinois and for the sole purpose of securing further reform legislation in regard to the practice of the court. He contends with much truthfulness that the present codes make legal procedure expensive and tardy, and that they often defeat justice and foster unjust discrimination in civil and criminal cases. It will be a pity if a man with Judge Gilbert's experience, known probity and avowed purposes cannot be utilized in a state whose legislative record of recent years has been so humiliating. A few such men as Judge Gilbert might redeem the reputation of Illinois.

UNITY extends its congratulations to William Kent over his handsome triumph at the California primaries, which puts him in nomination for a seat in Congress. We believe it is understood that a nomination in that particular district is equivalent to an election, but these congratulations should carry with them a large degree of sympathy. Mr. Kent, if elected, will assume a tremendous task, that of waking up the dead bones and removing the retardents that have so long interfered with progressive legislation. The petty grafts and the sacrifice of national to local interests will find poor shelter behind the name of William Kent. If elected, it will be to a national trust and the nation will have a right to his service and any warping of public interest in favor of his "District," which is the besetting vice of the small legislators, would be a disappointment. Small men may be allowed to attend to the local interests and the distribution of privileges, but the big man on the floors of Congress has a national conscience. To him state boundaries, compared to the national unit, are but scratches on the map, and the nation is but an important fraction of the larger world. UNITY will have heartier congratulations for the nation than for William Kent when the election returns are in and the responsibilities of office settle down upon him.

That was a spectacular exhibit of the power of co-operation that was recently effected in Iowa, when, by concerted action, carefully arranged for, a from-river-to-river road, reaching from Omaha to Davenport, was graded and put in as good shape as dirt roads can attain, in one hour of time. All the various county, town, and road district officials had been preparing for the event for weeks ahead. The necessary scrapers, road makers and other tools were at hand. The workmen were stripped for the fray, and when the word was given it is estimated that ten thousand workmen fell to. In an hour the job was done, and what the newspapers pronounced "the finest long-distance road in the entire West," was completed, and not a cent of wages paid. Local pride, state loyalty and public spirit achieved in Iowa what a hundred thousand dollars could not have accomplished, and that labor, loving, enthusiastic, strenuous labor, was rendered for the public good, which no money could buy. Let those who are afraid that the curbing of the law of selfishness by state enactments and civic regulation will suppress enterprise and discourage invention take note. Let this object lesson in Iowa be taken to heart by adjoining states. If the great western states were but to resolve that each year at least one hundred miles of

good state roads should be perfected, it would not be long before the states would be threaded with great highways for horse and motor, roads as important an element in the public mind and landscape as are the railroads now. Let the "boys" be encouraged to work together. Let us have more state roads.

The recent gathering of the Masonic Clans in Chicago has been celebrated with a large showing of gold lace, brass buttons and plumed hats. To the scientific mind these are academic demonstrations of the barbaric survivals still found in civilized society. It needs but occasion to bring out in the masculine mind that which is so persistently revealed in feminine tastes, a love of dress not for comfort or protection, but for decorative purposes. If, as is the contention, all this fuss and feathers is a contribution to character and makes for loyalty, public spirit and applied religion, we ought to be grateful for the same, but if it is a menace to simplicity and to humility in the inward parts, it ought to be regarded with apprehension and indulged in with hesitation. There was a time when the crusader and the crusading spirit did represent perhaps the most aggressive forms of Christianity. It is out of those times these "knightly orders" were born. They were all of them military or semi-military in their spirit and method. With the weakening of the military spirit and the growing recognition of the burden of militarism will there not come a more just estimate of the value of the trumpery of the playground? An extract from a little booklet entitled "Fraternal Education," issued by the Thomas J. Turner Lodge of A. F. & A. M., Chicago, points to the wiser, deeper methods, the higher aim of Masons. Here we find a justification of Masonry when realized and a just measure of criticism when not realized.

As a citizen a mason should be loyal to his government, obedient to its laws, prompt in the duties he owes society, and a pattern of fidelity in all social and domestic relations. He agrees to be a good man and true, and strictly to obey the moral law. He agrees to be a peaceable citizen and cheerfully to conform to the laws of the country in which he resides. He promises not to be concerned in any plots and conspiracies against government, but patiently to submit to the law and constituted authorities. He agrees to pay a proper respect to the civil magistrates, to work diligently, live creditably, and to act honorably toward all men.

The Library the Rallying Point of Civilization

"Here's to our traveling libraries; the promoters of civilization; the makers of true homes; the moral uplifters of communities; the benefactors of our district schools; true missionaries in the homes of the isolated; co-operators with the district school library; destined to one day become one of the most powerful influences in our state."

The above is a toast to traveling libraries given by Mrs. Edward Porter, former custodian of the traveling library work in Wisconsin. It is a fitting inscription on the front page of Circular No. 7, issued by the Wisconsin Free Library Commission, compiled by Miss Lutie E. Stearns, Chief of the Traveling Library Department. This attractive pamphlet of fifty pages is entitled "Traveling Libraries in Wisconsin, with Directory of Stations," and in addition to much interesting information concerning the remarkable work accomplished in Wisconsin by its Library Commission, it contains many interesting illustrations showing the workings of the traveling library.

Let us study the interpretative work of the kodak first. Here is a log house in the clearing, the Indian camp, the country store, the lumber wagon with its box of books, the delivery box, the creamery as a station, the pinery road, the Star Route stage delivering libraries, the logging camp, Sunday morning in the shanty, the "river drivers," the Maryland book wagon, the distributing library, the library literally on wheels, and many more pictures in which the book figures as the central object of interest. There is an admirable portrait of Hon. James H. Stout, the millionaire of Wisconsin, who has used his wealth as a sort of social soda to leaven the sodden dough of the indifferent public, to lighten the tasks of the helpers. All of this makes the little book very attractive. Here also is a map of Wisconsin as a frontispiece, dotted with its 944 different library stations of one kind or another, representing a total of 44,527 volumes in circulation at these centers. There are 100 of these traveling libraries in German, 40 in Norwegian, 9 in Polish, and 4 in Yiddish.

The letter text is worthy the illustrations, and we read the history of the traveling library movement, which began in Albany, New York, in 1893, and has now possibly reached its highest stage of efficiency in Wisconsin, as these pages would seem to prove. This little book contains fifteen or more pages in small type, giving the directory of these traveling library centers by counties, with the name of the librarian. To one acquainted with the local geography of the state, this list is exceedingly suggestive. The statistics of this crop is no indication of the quality of the soil or the prosperity of the territory involved, as shown by the fertility of soil or the amount of beef and pork shipped therefrom, but it is indicative of the intelligence of the community, or rather of the initiative of a few citizens, mostly women, who are willing to take the trouble and are inspired with the uplifting spirit.

This little pamphlet prepared by Miss Stearns enforces truths too much in danger of being overlooked, namely, that the unit of the library is a book and not a house, that a shelf of books is of far more significance than a book shelf, and that the main work of library committees, public or private, in a great metropolis, in a local community, or in a little village, is not

architectural, but literary and educational. Get your books and get your readers, and the building in due time will come. Meanwhile a shelf in the meat market, a box of books at the millinery or drug store, or the mess tent of a logging camp, a corner in the school house or a cupboard in the village church, will furnish the material habitation, if only there is a spiritual gleam.

We take pleasure in calling attention to this little book in this particular number of UNITY, which may be considered a library number. The little Anne Mitchell Library building at Tower Hill, a picture of which is to be found as our frontispiece, and an account of the dedication of which will be found in our columns this week, is an object lesson which goes to prove how surely the book, like the oyster, secretes for itself a shell, an adequate shelter. We will not undertake to repeat editorially the comment that may be inferred from the dedication exercises.

One does not need to be a millionaire in order to give shelter to books and book lovers. It does not take a Carnegie to build a little building in the woods or in the village or at the cross roads near the country church and adjacent to the country post office. This building, roofed with paper, with walls finished in beaver board,—so-called because its composition is neither beaver nor board,—can still satisfy the heart of the artist and be a thing of beauty, as well as a joy forever. This building, which can be realized for a few hundred dollars and is within the reach of any band of earnest women, suburban or urban, may well become a rallying point of civilization, the meeting ground of reformers, the training school in citizenship, the home of the learned and the hand worker, the pleasure place for the young, the trysting place for lovers, the knitting and tea-sipping resort of blessed grandmothers and the caucus chamber for honest voters who hate graft and distrust partisan bosses, and to whom politics represents statesmanship in training and at work.

Let the Anne Mitchell library building be taken by our readers in its full significance, architecturally, socially, educationally, religiously, and then let each in his own way and time and place work for the multiplication of the same.

I thank thee, Source of every bliss,
For every bliss I know:
I thank thee, thou didst train me so
To learn thy way in this:
That wishing good, and doing good,
Is laboring, Lord, with thee:
That charity is gratitude:
And piety best understood,
A sweet humanity.
—*From the Dutch of Tollens.*

To win the secret of a weed's plain heart,
Reveals some clue to spiritual things.—*Lowell.*

Dedication of the Anne Mitchell Library, Tower Hill, Wis., August 13, 1910

JENKIN LLOYD JONES PRESIDING

The Chairman: The exercises this afternoon will be gathered around the dedication services of the little library building which you will in due time be invited to inspect. This occasion, to the residents and those who know Tower Hill, divides itself into two points of interest. One is the little building, in and of itself, which I hope will prove an object lesson, a type which the women here, so splendidly represented throughout the state, will take notice of and duplicate, for this building, put into winter-proof walls, seems to me well adapted to the needs of three hundred villages and rural communities in Wisconsin. The other point of interest, less obvious, centers in the name which it will bear, the name of Anne Mitchell, a tender, gentle, shadowy, but strenuous and inflexible personality, who wrote her name on the hearts of those who knew Tower Hill. It is fitting that the first word, then, should be spoken by one who caused the building to rise, and who understood and is competent to interpret the inspiration thereof, Miss Bertha Howe, the donor of this building.

Miss Howe: We had for many years on Tower Hill a most enthusiastic resident and cottage owner, Miss Cordelia Kirkland, a retired teacher, a woman of keen intellect, and an omnivorous reader. About four years ago a serious illness sent her to California, where she has since made her home, and where she lives in comfort and happiness, her health restored. As the long journey back and forth each year would prove too serious a tax upon her strength, she reluctantly sold her cottage last year. The first year of her absence from Tower Hill, one of our members remarked that we would now have to buy an encyclopedia, because Miss Kirkland was gone. She did better than that for us, however, for she gave us all the books that were in her cottage, about 200 volumes of the best standard literature, nearly half of it poetry, forming a splendid neucleus for a library of which we had long felt the need. We now had the books, but no place to put them, consequently a building was inevitable, and the result you see. Other people have followed Miss Kirkland's example, and the collection is increasing and bids fair to become not only pleasing but valuable.

Perhaps you will be interested in some of the practical details of the building. It was begun on September 20, 1909, and in two weeks was completed with the exception of the interior finishing, which required about two weeks of July of this year. The reading room is 16x20 feet in size, is surrounded on three sides by a porch 8 feet wide, from which a small room has been taken for the Tower Hill Postoffice. It is built on a concrete foundation, the roof is covered with a rubberoid roofing in place of shingles, and the interior is finished with a material never used on Tower Hill before, called beaver-board, which has proved a very satisfactory substitute for plaster. The shelves, mantel, and postoffice table were made by our own carpenter, and stained and finished by our painter. The total cost of the building and furnishing, including teaming, freight, express, etc., was $700. It is not entirely complete in all the details of furnishing, but it was not possible to do everything in one year. It is our intention to make it not only a reading room, but

a social center, and we wish to make it as pretty and attractive as possible, and at the same time preserve the simplicity which is the dominant note of Tower Hill. I would like to emphasize the fact that this library is to be a *public* library in the truest sense of the word, and we wish to extend its privileges to the people of this neighborhood. There is to be an arrangement made, when we leave the Hill, by which the building will be thrown open, say for a few hours every week, most likely on Saturday afternoons, for the taking of books. The snow will be kept from the steps, the fire in readiness to light. We are fortunate in our good and loyal neighbors, the Clancy family, and the Clancy girls are willing and ready to lend a hand and take charge of it. We wish the neighbors to understand also, that it is not necessary to wait until we go, but they are very welcome to the use of the books now and all the year around. The Magazine Dispensary of the Lincoln Centre will be glad to send up magazines to give away, and it goes without saying that we are sure of the co-operation of Miss Stearns and her traveling libraries.

Why do we call this building the Anne Mitchell Library? We who sat at her feet for seven summers at the Tower Hill summer school and who had more intimate acquaintance with her in private life need no explanation. To the world outside, she was an undersized little woman, somewhat grotesque in appearance to those unacquainted with her, shy and shrinking, who made her living as a stenographer. They could not know what her friends and admirers knew, that, as one of them said, "never was a little pinch of matter more illumined, more shot through and through with light and intelligence, more rimmed with love than was the body of Anne B. Mitchell. Never was mind capable of high thoughts, meant for noble creations, more inadequately housed than was the spirit of Anne B. Mitchell." Here was a woman who lived a high and noble life, one who never faltered under heavy duties and responsibilities, who accepted disappointment and defeat uncomplainingly and with calm resignation, who bowed before crushing sorrow with sweet spirit of submission, who kept the sunshine in her soul, her sympathies wide open to the heavens, and whose heart was that of a little child.

Her intellect was of no common order. I never heard her utter a commonplace sentence. A thorough French and German scholar, she was as much at home in the literature of those languages as her own. Homer, Dante and Shakespeare were her familiars. The poets were her companions. All that was great and high in literature she had made her own. Her love for the out-of-doors was intense and healthful and she spent as much time as possible in the open air. She was keenly alive to all the beauty, color and freshness of the earth, and her descriptions of scenes and people about her were most felicitous. In a letter to a friend, written from Nantucket, her girlhood home, in 1875, she says, "Nantucket is heavenly and the days pass as though one was in dreamland. The sky stretches over us every day its deep blue curtain as cloudless as the surface of the water—the deep blue color of the sky I have never seen surpassed in any place. It is a continual glory and beauty of which I never tire. Then the broad ocean lies close to us, full of life, dancing and sparkling under the sun's rays. I bathe in it with great felicity. When I am in the house, which is not much of the time, I study or read. I am reading the Iliad, with which I am enchanted. It seems to have opened a new world to me. I see now why the artists all endeavor to represent them in marble—the characters are so heroic and god-like in form. I could write quite a disquisition, but will spare you." At another time she writes: "Dear Aunt Anne is so beautiful in her old age, so like some rare piece of exquisite antique workmanship that I look at her in a sort of adoration. She is as unruffled as the blue sky above us, and yet is alive in every inch of her." Her annual Tower Hill letter to UNITY was always a beautiful piece of work. Her last letter, in August of 1906, opens thus:

"To be here under the o'erreaching oaks touched with the opal gleaming of the morning light and colored with the roseate splendor of the evening, is to realize in full the meaning of the "procession of days" vaunted by the poets. For, born in beauty, each day passes in pomp and majesty to its close. Environed in loveliness, we seem to move with somewhat freer grace and existence takes on a new aspect; and so it is very well with us."

A true daughter of the sea, she was always at home in and upon the water, and one of the luxuries of her Michigan vacations was a boat of her own in which she spent much time. When bicycles came into use, she bought one. The little woman who found it so easy to mount Pegasus, discovered that it was very difficult to conquer this two-wheeled steed, and learned to ride only after many trials and tribulations. Her letters of this period relate her experience and progress. "I attempted Sunday morning under the guidance of James to learn to mount from the curb. The result was ignoble and lamentable failure. James held me by the arm with a vice-like grip that betokened such a lack of confidence in my inherent powers of balancing myself that I lost heart and withdrew in humiliation from the scene of combat." A little later this record appears: "I am the *boss-fool* on the bicycle. I can get into the saddle, but can not yet get my left foot in good motion. I live in hopes."

Her sense of humor was delicious and flashed out in unexpected times and places. She had what she called "a barbaric love of color" and was fond of wearing gay and bright tints. Another early letter says, "I have been having Mrs. F. to make for me a wine-colored brocaded silk basque. It fits me nicely, and is, I think, rather smashing." On another occasion she speaks of "getting out the Rock of Ages—my old winter cloak which seems to possess the perennial fountain of youth." She was keenly alive to a ridiculous situation, especially if she happened to be the center of it, and tells with amusement of an adventure in New York, when her old French professor came to see her. He was very deaf and she was very near-sighted. "We took a walk together in the afternoon in broad daylight, arm in arm. I am sure you would have been convulsed had you seen us. What sidewalk inequalities he did not stumble over, I did, and so in every kind of curious fashion, the blind and the deaf went along."

Perhaps it was this sunshiny element which helped to keep her so free from narrowness and gave her such an optimistic view of life. "I began life with the idea that one must lay down this life to gain the other," she once said when still a young woman. "I think it was

born in me, as it is in most women. I have grown out of that so wholly that I think our own life is the only thing the Lord has given us to hold on to, to keep, to develop, to return to him. He gives us the bud to cultivate to perfect fruition—love may do it."

There was no room in her philosophy for morbidness. It was sound but sweet to the core. She relates thus an interview with an acquaintance: "We covered a great deal of ground in our conversation and disagreed quite materially in our idea of the world, which she characterized as 'revolting,' to which, as an adjective of qualification, I took exception. A world that holds many choice spirits, the laughter of children, the beauty of flowers and the many profound and inexplicable treasures of color and of inestimable worth can never be, ought not to be 'revolting.' Conditions are, people are, but the world, God's world, never! So I affirmed that it was a beautiful world, at which she was a trifle scornful. For my part, I prefer Emerson's theory, that:

> "'In the mud and scum of things,
> There alway, alway, something sings.'"

We never had a photograph of Miss Mitchell, as she rarely had a picture taken. One of the best in the possession of a dear friend is a tiny picture taken in her office in the early days of snap-shots. With it came the following explanation:

"My employer, for astronomical purposes I suppose, has learned photography. He has a little camera that he brings to the office and occupies his leisure time in taking my pictures, and I occupy my leisure time in reconciling myself to the fact that I look like the representations that he produces. I will enclose one and let you judge for yourself."

Biographical details of her life are also meager. She was born in Nantucket into a home of refinement and culture. Her father was a Quaker, but her mother's family, she was wont to say, were worldly people. There were three children, and all of them came to Chicago early. Physically, they were all mere pigmies, tiny in stature, fragile and delicate in appearance, but capable of much endurance. All were gifted with great minds, attuned to high purposes, and left their impression upon the crude western city to which they came from the cultured island home. Ellen, who married a Mitchell, a cousin of the great Maria Mitchell, was a woman of brilliant intellect and a leader in the circle which represented the best brains and culture of the Chicago of her day. She was the first woman member of the Board of Education, and was one of the early organizers and president of the Fortnightly and, I believe, of the Chicago Woman's Club. Their only brother was one of Chicago's well-known physicians, a leader of his school, president of thee Chicago Homeopathic College and one of the founders of the hospital in connection with it. The three were bound together by strong and tender ties of love and affection, and the family relations were most beautiful.

Anne, the youngest, had a gift for music, and took advantage of such opportunities as Boston furnished for a musical education. She used to tell with much amusement of one public appearance in recital in a large hall in Boston. She had been chosen as one of the most promising pupils to play a duet with a very large lady who was extremely nervous. In consequence she played with lightning speed. "We went crashing and smashing through it, and by some strange chance brought up together somehow at the close," she said; "the family were all very proud of little Nannie, but the performance never gave me much satisfaction."

The music as a profession was given up, because the tiny hands and arms proved too serious a handicap to what her teacher pronounced the most remarkable musical intellect he had ever encountered. Music was always one of her highest pleasures, and probably one of the greatest experiences of her life was her attendance at the cycle of Wagner operas at Bayreuth, where the days were as a heavenly dream, and she walked in a strange land peopled with the beauty and the wonder of it all.

Her father was a banker in Nantucket, but his means were not large, and in early womanhood she felt she had no right to impose herself upon him for support, so she followed her brother and sister to Chicago, which offered wider opportunities to a wage-earning woman than the conservative East. Acting upon the advice of a friend who seems to have been the sponsor of her business life, she took up stenography in a day when this was a new field for women. This was about the year 1875. In 1876 she writes that she is "comfortably installed in an office where she is treated with great kindness and gentlemanly consideration." Always a hard and conscientious worker, she says later in the same year., "Mr. P. believes thoroughly in a woman's working, and so far as I am concerned, he has put his theory most nobly into practice. But alas for the one pound of flesh gained in these hard-working davs and nights! I have a presentiment that I may grow into the likeness of an animated skeleton." Again she tells of a silent tussle with a new employer in which for some weeks it was a question who should conquer. "But I did not propose to be bull-dozed, and guarded my fortress, and now things are going as I desire." Of the same employer she relates to a friend, "He is a very peculiar man, not fond of details any more than I am, so we don't have any to bother us."

On the whole, her relations with her employers were most pleasant, and the work interesting and not distasteful. Her longest and most pleasant years of service were those she spent as court stenographer to Judge Gresham. It was a great grief to her when he left for Washington to enter the cabinet and she could no longer work for him. Not long after his going, while fulfilling the same duties for Judge Grosscup, there came a breakdown in health and the development of a serious eye-trouble. She gave up her work and went to Europe for a rest. Though she had other positions until the year before her death in her sixty-ninth year, this was her last important business engagement.

In the meantime both the sister Ellen, with whom she made her home, and her brother had died, leaving her sad and lonely, but as brave and gentle as ever. Missing the mental stimulus of the daily contact with her sister's brilliant mind, she turned more and more to writing as a means of self-expression, taking some work in literature at Chicago University. Having the true missionary spirit, she longed to turn her scholarship into use. Nantucket, having become a place peopled by memories and haunted by beautiful spirits of those she loved most in the world, brought her no comfort, and she found a place in Michigan where the country was beautiful and the surroundings congenial, and here she spent her summers. Her heart went out

to the young people in this out-of-the-way community, and she planned to give for them a course of Shakespeare lectures she had written. A few became interested and one quiet youth in particular arranged all the details for her and helped to set it going. I will give her own account of the beginning: "The Shakespeare course is started—has made a fairly good beginning. They have tendered me the church and lighted it for me and thus put it in my power to make the first start. The first lecture was Romeo and Juliet and the attendance small. I have made no attempt to procure an audience but directed my efforts towards forming a class, and have succeeded in getting the material I most desire—young people who are struggling to get an education. They warm my heart, these sweet, young, patient-faced creatures, and I feel how overwhelmingly great is the opportunity to do something for them. At the conclusion of my lecture there was a profound silence which was awful. I did not know exactly what it portended and at this moment am somewhat in doubt as to whether they liked it or not. The heavens frowned upon the undertaking and we walked home in as hard a downpour as I have ever been out in. So altogether the inauguration was not without its vicissitudes."

This beginning I believe was rather typical of the whole course, and though the members of the class learned to love her, and the community still speak of her with affection and respect, I do not think the experiment was repeated.

Five years later she found her audience, when she came for the first time to Tower Hill. Here she was not only loved and respected, but her work was appreciated. For seven summers she enriched the middle week of the summer school with the results of her scholarly gleanings in unworked fields. She followed no superficial or shallow methods in her work. Through all their intricate weavings and windings she followed her subjects, tracing them to the clear springs at their sources. A year was not too much time for each task. Her first lectures were the Untranslated Dramas of Victor Hugo, followed by the Nibelungen Ring in connection with the works of Richard Wagner, the Arthurian Legends, the Promethean Cycle, The Rose Garden of Persia, The Epics of India, and lastly, the Poetry and Wisdom Books of the Old Testament. So modest and shy was she in everything relating to herself that we did not realize how much pleasure our love and appreciation gave her until, after death, we discovered it in the letters to her friend. At the close of her Arthurian course, she wrote:

"As for me, I am in a kind of rapture, having lived through two weeks and a half in a state of ideal happiness. Everything was friendly this year,—air, earth, atmosphere and human beings. The weather was superb, clear, sunny, dry, and not too hot. We had our little skirmishes at night with mice and mosquitoes, to be sure, but what of that, when the days were so full of the joy of living? If this small person's head were capable of being turned, this summer's experience might turn to ill. But she is so grateful that she hopes this ill result may never come. Mr. Jones says of my Arthurian lectures that they are 'the best work of my life and the best work that has been done on Tower Hill.' But is is to be remembered that these legends have deep Celtic roots, owe their origin and much of their development to Welsh roots, and therefore make powerful appeal to him. The class presented a written testimonial through Mr. Jones. But the thing I value most is the love they gave me—far more is this to me than the praise, for it uplifts and nourishes me in all my being."

The Arthurian lectures were repeated in the city in a little club circle of congenial people, and the Persian course was given to another group of friends, in which she found much happiness. The latter circle wished one year, as a Christmas present to her, to publish these lectures. Of this she writes: "My dear Persian reading circle have in mind to publish my lectures in some printed form and came to consult me in regard to it. Whether this idea can be carried out or not, I can not say, but of the beautiful intention I can never be robbed, and it gives me a strange and beautiful happiness."

The last course, on the Old Testament, contained lectures on the Psalms, the Song of Songs, The Book of Job, Medieval and Modern Jewish Poets, and the Bible in Medieval and Modern Poetry. This course gave her much concern and caused her some uneasiness, as she felt it a presumption to be speaking to ministers (there were four in her audience) on subjects they were so familiar with, and she was glad when it was over. To her surprise, the lectures bearing directly on scriptural subjects were far and away the favorites. "I treated them entirely from a literary standpoint," she said, "and without fear, as I would anything, and the result seemed to be refreshing to the ministers." Of the Song of Songs, one of her listeners gave it as her opinion that it was a perfect piece of work. Altogether this course was a beautiful production and one she had never surpassed.

She left Tower Hill at the end of the summer of 1906 with the subject of her next year's task in mind. But the last sentence in her last Tower Hill letter proved to be prophetic, and a few weeks later, "with an increased enlargement of soul, she passed gently out into the night."

"Don't let me slip out of your heart," she wrote long ago to her friend, "I won't take much room." As a tangible evidence that she can never slip out of our hearts, we give this building her name, hoping through it her gentle spirit may abide here for ever more.

Mr. Jones: Perhaps next to Miss Howe, the one in this community who knew Miss Mitchell best, and,—I will not say loved her best, for we all loved her,—was Miss Evelyn Walker, who will continue the exercises by the reading of two poems dedicated to the memory of Miss Mitchell.

Miss Walker:

Cup of alabaster,
Fragile, but the Master
Poured the wine,
Overflowing measure,
Choicest of the treasure
Of the vine.

Pain and Death have found her,
Love and Life have crowned her
For their own.
Peace, her elder sister,
Into silence kissed her,
Sorrow flown.

Riches hers an Orient queen
Might forsake her throne to glean:
Mayflower of New England spring,
Butterfly on roving wing,
Titmouse of the wintry wood,
Pine songs of the solitude,

Primrose of the evening hush,
Whippoorwill and twilight thrush,
Fragrance of the Persian rose,
Dews and mists, and slanting snows,
Tune of brook and hum of bee,
Pearl from Islam's rosary,
Ring of Rhineland hammered fair,
Rune or rubric, old and rare,
Surges of her island home,
Stars alight in heaven's blue dome,
Winding pathway down the glade,
Sunbeams slanting through the shade,
Wooded depths and river bar,
And the blue hills dim and far,
Face of friend and heart of power,
These made up her earthly dower.
She was kindred to them all.
What a joy should this befall,
What a dawn if she awake
To a morning that shall make
Such a glory round her birth
She shall have no need of earth!

Mr. Jones: We must not forget that this Anne Mitchell Library seeks an extended circumference, and so it is with great pleasure, and I hope great fitness, that I introduce a representative of the Wisconsin Library Commission, who will speak a word of congratulation on behalf of the commission and the hopes and interests of Wisconsin in this line,—Mr. Dudgeon, secretary of the Wisconsin Library Commission.

Mr. Dudgeon: I suppose there are some of the men here who are not exactly boys, who were boys once. I suppose that some time in their boyhood, when they went over the hill and caught sight of the swimming hole, the leader of the group has said in a rather strenuous voice as he struck a run, "Eveery man for himseelf, and the Devil take the hindmost." I have thought sometimes that that was as good an expression as has ever been framed of the selfish way in which we sometimes run a strenuous race in life, and the first word that I want to speak is to congratulate the public that there is one community in which the thought is not, "Every man for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost."

Here on Tower Hill, possibly as much as in any one spot, is a community, and here are gathered together people who, as much as any group of people anywhere, believe that every man is not for himself in this world, and believe that the leaders in the mad race are not justified in saying, "The Devil take the hindmost." I suppose nowhere more than on Tower Hill is it believed thoroughly that the leader has a duty to the hindmost, and I suppose nowhere are there more people who are thoroughly convinced that it is the duty of each one in the race to see that there is no hindmost for the Devil to take. In other words, I suppose that the central thought of this community and this group of people is the thought of social helpfulness, possibly a repetition of the thought that was expressed over two thousand years ago, that no man liveth to himself alone, and I think the state of Wisconsin and the public at large is to be congratulated, first of all, that there is in existence a community such as this.

I suppose, too, that schools and colleges, universities and libraries, are, after all, simply manifestations of this same sense of social responsibility, and I want to congratulate,—I feel that we should congratulate ourselves,—that in Wisconsin this sense of social responsibility is being felt in a good many ways, that in our State University this sense is making itself felt to such an extent that the results of research of the university are being made useful to all who want in our state such activities as those that are presented by Miss Perdue and Mrs. Kurtz, and as will be presented to you to some extent by Mr. Ward. I am sure I express the spirit of the state and the gratitude of the state when I say to this community and to those who have been active in it, that we are grateful to those in it who have been responsible in making possible such a building and such a library as you have here.

I was struck by the suggestion made by Mr. Jones that here was a type that might be duplicated in a great many small towns. Without being a very skilled estimator of cost, I judge that some such a building, even made winter proof and weather proof, might be constructed for $1,000, and there is many a community who would value very highly such a type of building. I think we owe gratitude for a type of this kind to those who made this building possible.

I don't want to forget to say, Mr. Jones, that I congratulate myself on being for the first time on Tower Hill, and for the first time seeing what you are doing here, and I know that Miss Stearns can depend upon the Secretary of the Commission that he will not put any obstacles in her way when she wants to send out all sorts of books to Tower Hill for the use of the community.

The Chair: The names of Cordelia Kirkland, of Anne Mitchell and of Bertha Howe have already been spoken in connection with this library. I think one other name at least ought to be mentioned as having a very important finger in the pie, and that is the name of Miss Lutie E. Stearns, another member of the Wisconsin Library Commission. I think she has an announcement to make, and when she is gone we will say some nice things about her.

Miss Stearns: On behalf of the Woman's Congress it gives me the greatest pleasure in the world to repeat over again the gift which we gave you last year. You will remember that last year we gave you a gift mentally. The railroads did not allow us to give it to you in physical form. Our books went astray and, a long time after Tower Hill had all closed up, I had a letter from the station agent at Spring Green, stating that the books had finally come. So I had them shippeed back to Madison for the winter, and I have been enjoying them just as much as I hope you will enjoy them. I have had the greatest treat reading them. When we heard you were going to have this library building we felt that this little gift we sent last year was wholly inadequate, and so we decided as our annual offering this year to supplement those of last year with many, many more, which we have here. It is an "Everyman's Library," in every sense of the words. Books on ferns, whole books that you can take with you, on trees. You can find three or four on birds. You can walk along the fields and you can see the beautiful highways and byways both in word and picture with Gibson.

Mr. Jones: I want to add as a book lover and, unfortunately, a hopeless book buyer,—I am reduced to the humiliating condition of having to order my books by telephone, for I cannot trust myself in the presence of temptation like some other people with some other fascination,—that I notice forty of these volumes which Miss Stearns has referred to as being in the "Everyman's Library," the very form of which is a delight, a charm and an inspiration. This series of "Everyman's Library" is rapidly including the best

classics in the English language. It is edited most carefuly and skilfully by Ernest Rhys, an English-Welshman or a Welsh-Englishman, as you like, and published in London by a Mr. William Dent, who made a hasty visit in company with your friend and our friend, Mr. Legler, the Librarian of Chicago, to Lincoln Centre last winter. Mr. Dent made a flying visit, mostly business, to America and to Chicago, in the interest of this remarkable series of books which, judged from a publisher's standpoint, are so light, so available, so classic and so well done, and he flew through Lincoln Centre, saying it was the one place in Chicago he wanted to see, and saying further that although he was a "blasted Britisher," he was as big a friend of the Linclon Centre work as an American. He left us his hearty good will. As a simple piece of book making, as the latest achievement in the matter of books, "Everyman's Library" is conspicuous in these days. This is not simply a summer library, but it is up to the people who live in this neck of woods to say whether Miss Lutie Stearns and her associates are victims of misplaced confidence and whether they have put their books here for the amusement of the moment only. The Misses Clancy already alluded to will be the curators of this generosity. It is not necessary for me to say, Miss Stearns, that we thank you. Of course we do, and we are going to show it if possible. Now then, one more word while you are comfortably seated, and that will be by one who not only knows books, but who is in great danger, if she does not watch out, of becoming a famous book maker. She told me last night she did not exactly know what that word meant. I don't know myself, but Wisconsin is finding out that Zona Gale knows how to make a book. Miss Gale.

Miss Gale: Let us turn to what was said this morning about the waste of living. My own thoughts had been running along the lines which Miss Perdue and the others brought before you, and I thought first of the ideals, the new thought that we had in connection with the ideals. I remember as a little girl when it first came to me that law is not a thing that is imposed on us. It is a thing that is. It was just there, waiting to be discovered, and so are ideals. They are there, and we are simply to uncover them, and we have been uncovering a lot of them lately, and now the point is to apply them to our needs.

I have been very much struck in the life of the smaller communities by this tremendous waste, not the waste of those of whom you were speaking, of the factory girls particularly, not the women employed, and certainly not those who live in luxury, but the waste of the lives of the middle class, who want to do things. In many cases they have not the vision, they have not the sense of any great social awakening. They have not even a clear sense of what the word civic means. There are people who regard that word in disrepute and do not want it used in connection with improvements. Business men are down on it. Those people will take ideas, will take suggestions, will act upon them marvelously , if only they have the suggestion. Perhaps they need not a leader so much as somebody to say, "This is needed, that is needed. This ought to be done here." We all know them. In church work they get up the suppers. They can tell you how many cups of coffee you can get out of a pound, how many dishes of ice cream out of five gallons. You know the sort of woman. She knows how to do things. The towns are full of that kind of women, and I believe all they need is simply a suggestion from those who know to start a wonderful second movement which will be close to the kind of thing you have already started.

This waste in many cases comes from a misapplied use of energy. They have a great ideal, for example, of order. That is a tremendous ideal. You know, perhaps, the story of the old farmer, who awakened his wife in the middle of the night and said, "Mother, did you wash out the sink last night?" "Yes," she replied. "Did you wipe it?" "Yes, why?" "Well," he said, "I wanted a drink, but I guess I can wait till morning." I think the love of ceremony in many cases has come from an over-developed love of order, and we know the waste of this kind of life. The people who give their days to order, to house working, as I have heard it called, waste five hours a day in preparing meals. It is not necessary, and this tremendous waste should be given to other things.

I have pointed out in Madison during the last few weeks the waste in the schools. It is the dream of some people over there that the terrible waste which goes on in the teaching of mathematics shall be lifted, not so much in the lower grades, but in the higher grades when the teaching of algebra will mean going to machine shops, where the problems are worked out. Teaching of geometry will not be demonstrating on a flat surface. Nature studies will not be an enumeration of bugs, etc., but the kind of thing that will make a boy walk along the street and see a grub on a tree, and say, 'I must report that."

The waste in all these things is very apparent, and it is true also in the libraries. It is impossible not to have it true. There are, in many cases, such books as have no application to life. I object to "Art for art's sake." I don't think there is any such thing.

We see it in money. There is no need in the world for money except as applied to life. There is no use for knowledege, except as applied to life. Reverence for art is of no use unless it can be applied through life, made a thing of life.

Now the only suggestion I would have, would be that you who know how to do these things should some way or other get to the women of the smaller towns some sort of program. Through the University Extension or Library Commission it is being done in some cases, and through civic committees of federations of women's clubs. Clubs and classes all over are asking for something to study which would be practical. It is a tremendous field for those women who have energy, force, who have not yet a way to apply it. A phrase from the School of Ethics by Mr. Spencer King is with reference to the "Infinite Improvability of the Human Race."

The little sketch I am going to read is an unnecessary illustration of the kind of thing we have been talking about here today. It is called "The New Village."

Mr. Jones: This much of our Dedication Exercises it was well to arrange for here, in the Emerson Pavillion, where you could be seated and be comfortable while you received the wisdom and the pathos that belong to this beautiful occasion. Now it is also fitting that we should repair to the building itself and complete the dedication. It is arranged that Mr. James P. Smith, of Pine Lodge Cottage, another and a necessary member of the Smith family, will act as marshal of the

occasion. He will lead the march to the new building, singing our processional as we go. The master singers of this company will head the column. Following them, going two by two, will be our honored guests from the without and our neighbors from this vicinity. Following them will be the residents of Tower Hill, those who belong to the community here this summer. Bringing up the rear will come those who will have special charge of the final dedication service at the building, Miss Pingree and her flower girls, who represent the reception committee; Miss Wynne Lackersteen and Mr. Terry next, and Miss Howe and the "Ancient of Days" will bring up the rear. At the building you will open file so that the last may become the first at the steps. For a very fitting reason, Miss Wynne Lackersteen will lead in the responsive service, which will be the words of dedication, and Miss Howe will deliver the key to Professor J. H. Terry who so fittingly represents the cultural spirit of this community from away back, and he, after receiving it on behalf of the Tower Hill Pleasure Company as a trust, will pass it over to Miss Pingree, who will throw open the gates of the doors, and you are invited to inspect and enjoy the new building forevermore.

Processional Song, "The Courage Bringers," by James H. West (on the Library steps).

Miss Lackersteen: I have been asked to lead in these dedicatory sentences because I am the oldest resident that holds no office.

RESPONSIVE READING.

Who shall ascend unto the Hill of the Lord?
He that hath clean hands and a pure heart.

Who shall stand in his Holy Place?
He that hath not inclined his soul to falsehood nor spoken deceitfully.

Let us enter into his gats with thanksgiving,
And into his courts with praise.

Lift up your heads, oh ye gates,
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may come in.

Who is the King of Glory?
The Lord of Hosts—He is the King of Glory.

In the sunlight of the Temple not made with hands we are assembled to dedicate this frail temple of our rearing to the sanctities of thought. Here may our thoughts be pure,
And our ears opened to the eternal counsels.

Here may inquiring minds find wisdom in the words of the sages and the seers,
Which in all ages, entering into holy souls, maketh them friends of God and Prophets.

Here may lonely hearts find communion with the immortal bards and the perennial prophets of the soul.
That thine eye shall be instructed and thy heart made pure.

Here may we think together in truth and walk together in peace,
For he that speaketh the truth from his heart shall never be moved.

Here may the struggling conscience and the sin smitten will be reinforced,
For the Lord is good—His mercy is everlasting—His truth endureth to all generations.

Here may we find joy out of sorrow and light out of darkness,
For God comes near—He stands by—he dwells with us mightily.

We would sanctify this building to the holy solitudes of the soul,
Where by lowly listening we may hear the right word.

We would dedicate this place to the communion of spirit,
For the spirit teacheth all things, even the deep things of God.

Lastly, we dedicate this building to neighborly needs, to the enjoyment of children, the courage and fortitude of the toiler, the peace and trust of the aged. May it become a non-sectarian, non-partisan, civic shrine.
Where passing souls may rest on the way and be their best.

Mr. Jones read the following lines by Miss A. A. Ogden, of Chicago, followed by the dedicatory prayer.

Here in this quiet vale she loved so well
The dainty building stands. Love planned it
And love built it, and on this gracious day
Love dedicates it in her simple name.
O strong-souled woman, with the fragile form!
May thy pervasive spirit linger here
To guide, control and bless all thirsty souls
That seek refreshment in this peaceful place,—
And as the ancient temple builders did of yore
We'll make thee tutelary ruler here for aye!

Miss Howe: In loving memory of Anne Mitchell, in grateful remembrance of her services to Tower Hill, this building is presented to the Tower Hill Pleasure Company. To you, Professor Terry, as the representative of that company, and as Miss Kirkland's successor, I present this key. May it unlock the treasures of the great and good minds of all generations and throw open the doors of opportunity for greater joy, more pleasure, and an increased enlargement of soul.

Mr. Terry: On behalf of the Tower Hill Association, I accept with profoundest gratitude this princely gift. No other gift could have so thoroughly aroused the interest or so deeply touched the hearts of your associates.

To this place in their recurring vacations will come from near and from far the tired workers, and they will gather around this spot, not only for social intercourse, but for that rest which the intellectual worker so much enjoys in the intercourse with the great minds of all ages.

You have, with a devoted loyalty, given to this library the name of one whom you held in sisterly regard. Of the life and influence of this noble woman, as well as that of another, kindred in spirit, both you and Mr. Jones have already told us at some length. To what has thus been said, I can add nothing. But with these two names will, through all the future, be inseparably linked that of her through whose generosity this memorial became possible. The names of Anne Mitchell, Cordelia Kirkland and Bertha Howe will ever stand first and foremost in the annals of the Tower Hill Library.

It is not unfitting that a word should be said concerning the management and policy to be pursued in connection with this library. The whitening hairs of some of those upon whom rests the responsibility for its use and welfare are plain intimations that their share in this work must before many years be transferred to other and younger heads. I had almost presumed on my own advanced years to offer a word of advice, but I will forbear. Where all are imbued with

the same spirit, advice is not needed. Instead, I will venture a prediction. It is this. The same high standard of good taste, of solidity, of permanence, which characterizes this building and all its appointments, will constitute the foremost features of its content. This will not belong to that class of libraries upon whose shelves are found nineteen volumes of fiction to every volume of history, or biography, or travel, or science.

Somewhere about the seventh or eighth century of the Christian era the Mohammedans were converting the eastern world through the propaganda of fire and sword. The conquering armies reached and captured the city of Alexandria. Here had been amassed by the labors of lovers of literature through the preceding centuries a collection of scrolls and manuscripts, such as the world had never before known. The friends of this great literary treasure pleaded with the conqueror for its rescue from the general ruin. The answer of the all-powerful Moslem was, "If these books are contrary to the teachings of the Koran, they should not be allowed to exist. If they accord with the teachings of the Koran they are unnecessary. Let them be destroyed." And the great Alexandrian Library went up in flames. The teachings of the books that have places on these shelves will not enforce the teachings of any creed or sect. But they will be in fullest accord and broadest sympathy with every belief and every form of activity that tends to the upbuilding of humanity.

I now pass over this key to you, Miss Pingree, and your assistants. Throw open the doors and invite in the friends.

While the company were inspecting the books and enjoying the simple but beautiful lines of this little building, the residents indulged in the following yells:

Mitchell Anne—Mitchell Anne
Libe! Libe! Libe!
Sternie Lute—Sternie Lute
Tribe! Tribe! Tribe!
Bertha Howe—Bertha Howe
Zis! Boom! Bah!
Get a book—eat 'em up—
Rah! Rah! Rah!

We yell—we shout—we hoot
For the books sent by Little Sternie Lute,
We row and pow
For the Libe built by little Bertha Howe.
'Tis fine, sublime,
When the books on the shelves for us do shine,
And we'll always tell
Of Cordie Kirk and Anne Mitchell.

Notes.

After all, where else should we more likely look for a restoration of Christian unity than in missionary work? It is not likely to come about through debating or preaching, but by downright working for the welware of the world. Jesus sent his disciples into all the world to preach the gospel to every creature. While doing this work, the disciples, in all ages, are naturally brought together. In China the contentions of Calvinism and Arminianism grow as feeble as they are meaningless. The real struggle in the missionary work is really not to convert anybody, but to increase knowledge and light; this may greatly modify the missionary in his opinions, as well as those that he approaches. At the World's Missionary Conference, recently held in Edinburgh, there was a most marked obliteration of sectarian lines. Fifty-eight missionary societies in the United States and Canada were represented by about four hundred and eighty delegates, and altogether there were about one thousand Americans in attendance at the Conference. The Catholic Church, as such, was not represented; but the reading of the letter of Bishop Monomelli was almost as good as a personal attendance. He insisted that the time had come for a general recognition of a human living religion, a religion which "completes and crowns life," and bears fruition in works of love and holiness. We have yet to find a single report, in either secular or religious paper, that does not emphasize as the key note of the Conference fellowship, co-operation in one world work. This is the enthusiasm of the age, and it is finding its expression in ways not looked for. When our missionary forces have melted together, not only in their conferences but in their work, it will bring about a mighty reaction upon our church work at home and a consequent increase of Christian fellowship. The word Christian must hereafter mean human. "On Earth Peace! Good Will To Men!"—not one sect of men, but all men. Let the church lead on the road to universal good-willing in all fields of thought today.

It is curious how nearly all the old-fashioned weeds have risen in the vegetable social scale, and are now welcomed somewhere in the field or garden. In the South the best forage plant known, the one plant that makes the best southern hay, still goes by the name of beggar weed. Until very recently it was the worst pest in the cotton fields, and nobody had a good word for it. Now it is commended and grown everywhere, to the great delight of southern horses. It is even hinted recently that it will go one step higher and enter into human consumption. The flavor is as sweet as a beet. The story of alfalfa is much the same. Only within a few years has its marvelous power to get down at the prosphates below and reach up for the nitrogen above been known, but today it is not only our great hay maker, but our most marvelous soil maker. It robs no land that it grows on, but makes it all the fatter. Just now the old sweet clover, which was a pest over limestone soil, is being welcomed as another first rate soil maker, or, as we are taught to say nowadays, humus maker. Hereafter, instead of affording a few bunches of sweet leaves for the bureau drawers, sweet clover will be ranked among our very valuable assets on run-down farms. So it goes, and the prospect is that we shall learn how to utilize every weed that grows. When the dandelion blinks at us with its millions of golden eyes, we can cheerfully think that not yet has half the good of this little plant been found out. The white daisy, which the farmers dreaded when they made hay in August, has turned out to be a splendid fat-producing factor, in hay made in June or early July. Meanwhile, those weeds that still remain in that category, feed valuable birds. A very few, like the wild carrot, the farmer eradicates with patience. Old Humphrey says, "Ye wild blackberry thorn pricketh decision into ye lazy body."

E. P. Powell.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES

THE BERLIN CONGRESS: GERMAN REPORTS.—On Friday, August 5, the *Vossisische Zeitung*, in announcing the opening of the Congress for that evening, says:

"In view of the extensive preparations that have been made for this original Congress, and the richness of this program, one would not be far wrong who should give it first place among the summer's public events in Berlin. The number of participants announced from all parts of the world is so surprisingly large that the originally selected place of meeting, the Royal York Lodge in the Dorotheenstrasse, had to be exchanged for the larger, more commodious rooms at the Landwehrkasino. From the United States, clergymen, professors and delegates from twelve religious fellowships are coming in numbers that filled a special steamer; Buddhists from India, Parsees as representatives of the ancient religion of light, and Japanese are coming, Frenchmen and Englishmen, Scandinavians, Italians and Netherlanders, while Switzerland and Austria-Hungary are in active evidence and Germany, with Berlin at its head, will not be outdone by the foreigners. The common interest and aim is to achieve a religion of life and power and to do away more and more with the oppressive restrictions of formalism. That which is common and universal in the historic manifestations of religion is to be emphasized and elaborated. Therefore all the more important religious leanings on earth will find utterance here through their chosen representatives. This International Congress met for the first in 1901, in London, then in 1903, at Amsterdam, in 1905, in Geneva and 1907, in Boston. It assembles now for the first time on German soil and the imperial capital through its independent citizens bids it a hearty welcome. In this age, so sensitive to religious problems and deeply stirred by them, has a congress been conceived more ideal and inspiring than this gathering of representatives and adherents of the great world religions for mutual interchange of ideas, for personal intercourse and understanding, and on a basis of freedom and sincerity according recognition to every conception of the universe which, inwardly perceived, has been proved and tested in the struggle of life?"

After giving details of the Congress program already familiar to UNITY readers, the article closes significantly as follows:

"At the head of this Congress, which promises to be a notable event for Germany, stands the Honorable Karl Schrader, member of the Reichstag, and hundreds of celebrities have gladly associated themselves with him to win friends for the Congress. Under existing ecclesiastical and public conditions it seems idle to expect much co-operation with these independent men and women from the upper circles of officialdom, though the *Evangelische Oberkirchenrat*, in its friendly reply to their invitation, promises to send a delegate. It is for the course of the Congress to show that it has no need of official recognition and support—in and of itself may it grow in strength and become a power for blessing to Germany and the world.",

The following day (Aug. 6) the same newspaper reports:

"The rooms of the newly-built Landwehrkasino are filled with a surging, cheery throng. The reception to the International Congress of Free Christianity and Religious Progress has brought together all nations and tongues in such an imposing multitude as neither the opponents of this liberal congress nor even its best friends could have thought possible. In Boston, London or Geneva, yes—but in North Germany, in Berlin! Fifteen hundred men and women confound every scoffer and sceptic: the fifth international congress of religion in Berlin is an impressive, brilliantly prearranged facts of farreaching significance."

M. E. H.

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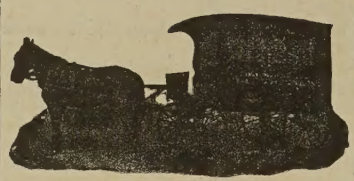

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